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INSPIRATIONAL POEMS



ANNIE KIRK



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Book 11475

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Inspirational Poems



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INTRODUCTION.

TO MY READERS:

On submitting my book of poems for your perusal it is my desire to tell you how I was led by "The Spirit" to the fountain of life, the streams of which are ever flowing by; the ministering Spirits that our Father God allows to come to help us upwards and onwards along the path of adversity and toil, I came to America in 1906, being a firm adherent to the Orthodox religion. While in England I had never heard of the Philosophy of Spiritualism and naturally I clung to the old Dogma, meaning in one word obedience, willing to receive all that was given to us, without further investigation, being taught there were a chosen few who are inspired of God, which is a false belief, God has no favorites in this world, save those who do his bidding. We are all His children both high and low, and we will get our just reward in the future state, according to the life we have lived while on the Earth Plane. We are told in Holy Writ, "That we must work out our own salvation."

I had only been in America a short time before I came in contact with friends who had every reason to believe in the phenomena of Spiritualism, but I still remained hard of belief, the old Orthodox threw around me the thick mist of superstitious fear, that I would be taking a wrong turn in my steps Heavenward and thereby impede my progression. I had been in this Country about three years, when I received a terrible shock, caused by the departure of a dear friend to the Higher Life, the reason of his passing away is explained in my poem entitled, "Unrequited Love." This grief caused me to investigate Spiritualism and eventually led me to the light of truth. I began to seek and I certainly found

that Gods love to us is greater than we were ever taught in the Orthodox. Oh how I thank God and the Higher forces for the beautiful lamp of hope which is held up to me by my departed loved ones, whom God allows to come to minister to us to give us strength in the Pilgrimage of Life, this beautiful belief in Spirit return abolishes entirely the sting of death which in its true sense is a transition to a higher and more beautiful life, neither are visions a thing of the past. I often retire in silence alone, asking my loved ones to manifest to me, and I see the faces of those I have loved and lost as I formerly thought. I also feel their touches which is a source of great pleasure to me.

I will relate a little incident that happened to me November, 1916. I and Mrs. Meissner, a lady of sterling qualities with whom I have been staying for over four years, who also is a gifted medium and through whose organism I have received some beautiful and convincing proofs of Spirit return. This night in question we were discussing various topics when I picked up a pencil and began to write poetry. "What is the matter with me tonight;" I exclaimed, as I looked with dismay at my writing, "I could never write one verse of poetry in my life and here I have written seven verses." My friend looked at me and smiled saying, "there are to be ten verses in that poem and you have got to finish it before another sun rise." I replied "it is now growing late, and I am going to retire." So I did, but at half past two I awoke and I could not again go to sleep until I had completed the poem entitled, "The Living Stream of Life." So I keep writing whatever the ministering Spirits bring to me. Now I will close, hoping and trusting that when you read the Poems, you will meditate thereon, and ask the Higher forces to bring to you the "Words of Life," also to free you from the superstitious belief that there are a "chosen few" ask the Father of Love to broaden your minds and lead you to the light of truth.

THE AUTHOR.

THE LIVING STREAMS OF LIFE.

As I lay through the lonely hours of life
Thinking of the past
My soul with heavenly joy was filled
And hope beamed bright at last
This hope was brought to me by those
Whom God allows to come
From just the other side the vail
To soothe our yearning souls.

They give to us new strength, new joy
And happiness untold
Without their love we could not live
Has not Jesus told us so
My strength He said, I give to you;
Oh child of earth receive
The blessing of your father God
Oh in His love believe.

Take of the living streams of life
That are ever flowing by
To feed your souls for future work
With your loved ones up on high.
They give to you the strength you need
In the Pilgrimage of life
The body you yourself can feed
But the soul is fed by Christ.

Christ taught earth's children how to live
When the world was so depraved
He gave His life in Holy love
That His brothers might be saved;
Saved from the worlds degrading lusts
Of selfishness and greed
To raise their souls to higher views
Than the transient things of earth.

Oh! to be one with Christ in works
In this life let it be our aim
To love each other as ourselves
The Lord, He did the same;
He brings to us the symbol of the lilly pure
and sweet
Even Solomon in his glory was not arrayed
like unto it
Let this be a sample how our souls should be
arrayed
In garments white and pure as our Father
hath decreed.

Oh Father dear, give us Thy grace
That we may do Thy will,
To help a brother on the road
That leads direct to Heaven.
Thy love we know Thou will bestow
On those who do Thy will;
And on the meek who Thee entreat
Their hopes will be fulfilled.

Although my life by Thee was given
I dare not choose my lot
T'is Thee who doth my future see
I shall not be forgot
I know I have a work to do
My time is but a span
Oh help me to unfold the good
Thou plantest in my mind.

If I was rich in this world's goods
And saw my brother want
And did not minister to his needs
My life would be a blank
The holy one of God advised
Give to the poor thy aid
A little help given in His name,
Shall not loose its reward.

Give to the lonely and forlorn
A brighter view of life
Teach them that in the great beyond
Is happiness and life
Life fraught with Holy Heavenly joy
Unknown to human ken.
Our loved ones gone before us are
Preparing us for Heaven.

The Nazarene gave us the hope
In years long ago,
He said, "I will prepare a place
For those I leave below".
Our loved ones too for us will work
To help our heavenward flight
With God's great love we will not fail
If we but live aright.

Nov. 16th, 1915

* * * * *

ANGELS WALKING HAND IN HAND.

Angels on the Heavenly Shore
Walk hand in hand for evermore
Seeking those who are depressed
In sin's darkest wilderness.

To lead them on the road of life
Away from bitterness and strife
To paths of virtue paved with hope
For those who seek the way of life.

Oh, Angels of Love, give us your aid
Help us to seek
The lost to save
To give to them the strength they need.

God in His Love doth condesend
To give to each weary one
The future joy laid out for them
No finite mind can understand.

It never hath entered the heart of man
The Love of God given to each one
If they will only do His will
And try their duty to fullfill.

Nov. 11th, 1916.

* * * * *

JOY IN HEAVEN.

The snow is falling very fast
I can't get out to play
Oh tell me why Willie dear
It should snow today.

Mamma says God is Love
And children He did bless
So today I asked, if I could play
And I think He answered yes.

But when I went in the yard
The snow it lay so deep
I could not play in the house
As Father is so sick.

So Willie who is older
Than his sister Jane
Looked in dismay at her and said,
"You ought to be ashamed."

Think of our dear father
Who lies so full of pain
Ask God to make him better
And think less of your own gain.

Our mother often says
You're a selfish little soul
Ask God to make your heart as white
And pure as the falling snow.

Jane hung her head in silence
Not knowing what to add
Her Brother's words had gone right home
And left her very sad.

Willie's heart to her relented
As he gazed into her eyes
He said let me tell you something
Which perhaps will you surprise.

If you still keep murmuring
Against the will of God
Something worse than pure snow
Will shadow the path you've trod.

Jane looked at her brother,
Her eyes all wet with tears
"I am going in the house," she said,
"To speak to mother dear."

She flew into her mother's arms
With her head upon her breast
Saying, "mother dear forgive the past,
I will be a good child yet."

Her mother looked with wondering eyes
Upon her only girl saying
Tell me quickly what has brought
This sudden change in you.

Mother dear you've told us oft
The wonderous things God performs
That little children can open the door
To everlasting dawn,

So brother dear held up the light
The angel messengers gave to him
To show to me that disobedience
Is the widest path to sin.

Oh mother, I will try and walk
In the narrow path of life
And your little girl will do her best
That the angels may rejoice.

Thank God my child at last you see
The sin that in you lies
A selfish heart God cannot bear
Oh try and live aright.

Last night I had a vision fair
Heaven opened to my view
I saw you at the Saviour's feet
Seeking his love anew.

He placed His hand upon your head
The angels then drew near
Weaving a crown of flowers sweet
And placed it gently at Jesus feet.

He put the crown upon your head
Saying child of earth receive
The blessing of a Saviour's love,
For you, His life He gave.

So now my daughter you can see
How the angels do rejoice
To see a little girl repent
As you have done to-night.

Oct. 8th, 1916.

LIFE IN THE HEREAFTER.

Our life in the hereafter
Depends on the life we live here below
We cannot have roses and sunshine
Unless we sow seeds as we go.

We cannot grow grapes on thistles
Neither will figs grow upon thorns
Nature is true to conditions
We all will reap what we have sown.

The same with spiritual growth
Dear people, oh study the law,
You will find that through faith and obedience
You will gain your desired reward.

Though life may not hold much for you
Cast not the blame on the Lord
T'is the earthly conditions around you
Of those who are selfish and low.

But life in the hereafter
Will give you all that you need
Oh brothers and sisters be patient
And work, as well as believe.

The hereafter is filled with bright spirits
Who suffered like you when on earth
But now have found joy and beauty
They never experienced in the world.

Some soon get weary when climbing
The hills of adversity and toil
I know it is hard for us mortals
To keep fighting against the tide.

I have had a taste of life's burden,
And often wondered why
That those who were so indifferent
Seem to have all they desired in life.

But now as I am quickly traveling
To the allotted years of man
I often look back on my past life
Knowing it to be the Divine plan.

And when I pass to the life hereafter
I will see plainly the fruits of my work
That I gave to the world unbegrudging
Whatever my Father gave me to do.

Nov. 3rd, 1916

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ROSES OF LOVE.

Sweet Roses of Love
Grow in the garden of deeds
Where all is contentment
To those who believe.

And are struggling daily
Some conquest to make
To show to the world
The power of faith.

Faith without works
Is an empty shell
Just like a house
Where our Mortals must dwell.

We must have it furnished
And made to look nice
Or we are sure to be miserable
The rest of our life.

Then work we have plenty
To keep clean and straight
Just the same dear people
With our spiritual life.

This house of clay
Must be furnished with deeds
Before our dear Father
Will our Spirits receive.

Deeds of kindness
Works of Love
Will furnish our Souls
For the home above.

The home where our loved ones
Are eagerly trying
To impress us daily
With Heavenly desires.

They bring to us gifts
Of the Roses of Love
To brighten our pathway
As we journey above.

The flowers that bloom
In the Paradise of God
To feed our Souls
With their Heavenly Love.

Nov. 12th 1916.

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JOURNEYING TO THE LIFE ABOVE.

As we journey to the future life
We often wonder why
We are born to suffer troubles here
Before we reach our home on high.

T'is hard for us mortals to understand
The Divinity of God;
To know the wisdom of His plan
Which appears so vague to us.

All we can do is to live by faith
Trying to unfold
The knowledge handed out to us
By Gods appointed Son.

The trials and temptations
We humans must endure
If we wish to reach the home
Of everlasting glory.

Life here on earth is but a school
To teach us the way to God
Who gives us joy and happiness
According to the path we've trod.

If we are lax in living true
To His just commands,
We cannot rise to heights above
In that most happy land.

We've oft been told by them of old
We all should sleep
As God sees fit
Until the resurrection morn.

This is a thought we all must shun
From whence do ministering spirits come
If all are locked within the tomb?
Oh no! God would not cast on us such gloom.

We must be active in this world of sin
Or else no victory we could win
Death does not wash our souls white
Nor raise us to the heavenly heights.

God has for us a work to do
Far more important than we know
There are millions of souls in darkness held
Because they thought to much of self.

Uncleanness and greed filled their souls
Without thought for those who are feeble
and old
Who are robbed of all pleasure in this life,
Nothing for them but worry and strife.

Now their oppressors are praying for light
Light to direct them
To the spiritual plain
Help and forgiveness they are eager to gain.

Whatever we've left undone on earth
We must work out in the new birth
There is no escaping from God's just command
We must surely do it before we reach heaven

Or we will be held in bondage to earth
Instead of enjoying the fruits of our work
Don't let father time, with earnest intent
Cut off your life thread before your repent.

You will find it so hard
When you come here
To work out your salvation
With pleadings and tears.

Ask the dear angels
While you are on earth
To help you to study
Life's second birth.

The birth of the soul
In the summerland of peace
Where there is neither weeping or wailing
Nor nashing of teeth.

Only sweet ripples
From the fountain of love
From whence all are nourished
Who trust in their God.

Encourage your thought waves,
Of purity and peace
He will not forsake those
Who trust in His grace.

When temptation assails you
Oh do pray and seek
That the Ministering Spirits
May bring you relief.

Nov. 10th, 1916.

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PREPARATION FOR ETERNITY.

Give us grace, oh God of Love
To prepare in time for our home above
Not to neglect it as a thing of naught
And begin to seek it when life is short.

Let us not insult the Father of Heaven
With the miserable crumbs of an unworthy end
Begin life good then you are sure to accend
When you have made conditions for your place
in Heaven
On the Earth plane we cannot reach the desired
goal
If we are reckless and indifferent to what we
are told
Then how can we rise in the heavenly spheres
Where souls reign in peace without pains or
tears?

Oh no dear friends, you've got to learn
If not on the earth plane, you will when you re-
sign

The house of clay in which you dwell
Deeds of kindness; works of love, we all must do
Before we can live a life agreeable to our God
Bare in mind what I say or you may get strand-
ed on the way.

Remember the words of Holy Writ
The smoking flax God will not quench,
Nor a bruised reed He will not break
But gives to those who seek with zest
The happiness of a future state
Do not discard the day of grace.

Nov. 18th, 1916

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THE MORNING STAR.

Beautiful star in
Heaven so bright
Showing each morning
Your glorious light.

The Angels of Love
Your light reflects
On the children of God
Who are careless and weak.

Oh help each Soul
Who divinely kneels
At the Throne of God
For comfort and ease.

Ease from their burdens
Of Sins great load
Their future is dark
Show them the road.

Oh be unto them
Like the star in the East
Which led Earth's Children
To the Lover of Peace.

Christ Jesus the Prophet
Brother and Priest
Who died as a martyr
Just for ones sakes.

His love was so great
His sympathy sincere
He always was ready
To comfort and cheer

All those who believed
In His Heavenly gift
Never came short
Of instant relief.

He always was ready
With spiritual food
To administer to all
Who believed in His love.

There are others who follow
In this Dear Ones steps
Who are ready and willing
To give others their help.

Christ's spirit still slumbers
In the hearts of all
Who are anxious and willing
To give to the Lord.

Life here on Earth
Is so very short
In comparison with the future
We all have mapped out.

For all God's Children
Both high and low
Regardless of color
Or title or birth.

We certainly shall go
To the place we have earned
If we have tried to do right
Then Heaven is our home.

Now I will close
With this warning in brief
Do keep your thoughts clean
Then your spirit finds relief.

Nov. 6th, 1916.

* * * * *

**THE GOLDEN GATES AJAR
OR
THE WAY TO HEAVEN.**

The golden gates are kept ajar
Its portals always gleaming
And those who seek the right of way
Will reach the haven safely.

The right of way is reserved for all
Who follow in Christ's footsteps;
Love and might gave Him the right,
To enter the heavenly portals.

The right of way is given to those
Who work out their own salvation
By helping others who are down and out
And weary and heavy laden.

God placed us here, His will to do;
If we are careless and neglect it
Our own salvation we must work out
In the unknown hereafter.

Oh do not think when we die
We are borne by angelic power
To the future home we have never earned
But wilfully neglected.

In past ages we were told
That heaven was easily gotten
By just saying, "I believe,"
Was the teaching of the Pastors.

The gates of heaven can never yield
To those tainted by earth's riches;
By grasping all they can by stealth
Even gloating in child labor.

The monster greed with fangs of Hell
Lays hold on them who serve him,
To drag their souls to the depths
Of everlasting bondage.

The gates of heaven can never yield
To those untrue to nature
The forbidden apple of our race
God strongly denounces.

Oh Father dear give us Thy grace,
To live our lives pure,
And not to struggle in the mire
Of this worlds sordid pleasure.

This life we know is but a span
But oh the great hereafter
The love and joy given to each one
Will greatly compensate us.

The gates of heaven can never yield
To those who think they are holy
It's works, not words, our Father wants
Before we become His chosen.

The chosen few we read about
Is a misrepresentation
God has no favorites in the world
Save those who do His bidding.

The priests of God are far behind
In the dispensing of the Gospel
They keep the people dark and blind
Instead of broadening their conception.

As death leaves us, resurrection finds us
Without masquerading of the soul
All is laid open and bare before us
The life we lived on earth is o'er us.

The mist of sin is hovering 'round us
We cannot see our way, the light has fled
Send us ministering spirits, oh God of glory
To show us the way we must tread.

The time has come when you must think
Of warnings you've neglected
Now you have got time to repent
And wait My benediction.

Deeds of kindness you neglected
Are laid out before you then
Also lusts of various nature
Blocked for you, the path to heaven.

As you pass from the body
A Surprise awaits you, when,
You find your hopes all shattered
Because you lived a life of sin.

Waken up! unfold the love
I have given to all earth's children.
Broaden out your future life
Become an heir of my salvation.

Messengers I have sent without number
But the warnings you would never take
Until some sickness did befall you
Then often my warnings proved to late.

Poverty and grief passed your notice
Neither held you out a helping hand
To a lone and weary brother
Stranded on the rock of time.

My love on earth you did reject
Because it did not pay you
To sacrifice your little mite
In exchange for the love I gave you.

The light of truth our Father said
Has been dawning now for ages
If you had only searched around
The path would have been made clearer.

The gates of heaven are closed until
You have repented of past doings
Then I will send a gleam of light
That will lead you on to glory.

T'is with the rich I fain would plead
To alter their demeanor
To our brother and sister in the world
As Christ Jesus did, the Saviour.

T'is the workers for whom the world has use
Not the idle rich or drunkard
But for those who strive to make ends meet
Will gain their rest hereafter.

The rest and peace that passeth knowledge
If we strive for that end
Not to live and fight and quarrel
Making life a hideous den.

To the rich the gates of heaven are closed
Until they see their folly
Of living such a selfish life
A life so dense and hollow.

To the poor I would vouchsafe
A little gleam of comfort
Do not doubt your fathers love
Though sometimes you feel forgotten.

T'is hard at times, I know, to feel
Life holds something good in store
But those who seek in time salvation
Will reap a thousand fold and more.

The writer of this poem, had
A battle hard to fight
And many times my faith has wained
Till hope was lost in sight.

The visions of my loved ones gave
To me, new life, new hope in God,
I always tried to live aright
And raise my thoughts above.

T'is now I've found the light of truth
At three score years and one
To do the work God sends to me
By His Angelic Son.

The son of mortals here on earth
Oscar Osborn is his name
He Brings to me the Word of Life;
Christ also did the same.

I always trusted in my God
And try to serve Him still,
Although at times t'is very hard
To bend, to Him, my will.

But now I reap the seed I've sown
In years long ago,
And I rejoice to unfold
What was given to me of yore.

Oh how I wish that I could give
To the world at large
What I get from my dear ones
Who are always by my side.

Oh help me God, to give to Thee
The remainder of my life
To spread the knowledge I have gained
From just the other side.

Knowledge worth its weight in gold
If people would only believe it
And broaden out their narrow minds
And make conditions to receive it.

A wealth of love would in them grow
The love of Him who made them,
To go along sin's thorny road
As a sacrificing Saviour.

A Saviour you can be to those
Whose lives you try to brighten,
And lead from death to light and love
To go on their way rejoicing.

I and my Father are truly one,
The Nazarene did say:
We must be one with our father God
If we would do His will.

Oh brothers and sisters do the work
God holds in store for you
To build your future up on high
With your loved ones gone before.

They give to you the strength you need
As you travel on the road
Though sin and death may cross your path
Oh! do not loose your hold.

Hold on to hope, faith, and love
As the Saviour did of old
Your Father needs you in the world
Oh! do not seek the gold.

The gold will perish at the dawn
Of everlasting day
But Heavens Portals will open wide
And give you all you need.

T'is hard at times to hold aloft
The sweet banner of hope
To those who have so much to bare
In this hard world of lust.

Oh! let us lay our treasures in Heaven
Where moth and rust doth not corrupt
Nor thieves break through and steal
In the mansion that our Father gives.
To those who thus believe.

The joy of heaven cannot be told
By human eloquence
Our finite minds cannot grasp
The infinite hereafter.

Sept. 22nd 1916.

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SUNSHINE IN THE HOME.

Sunshine in the home
Is the brightness of the mind,
That shines with Holy beauty
And reflects a love divine.

A love that passeth knowledge,
No human mind can grasp
Until they reach the summit
Of Heavens angelic hosts.

The hosts of heaven encamp around
The spirits of the just
To lead their souls to higher views
Than the fleeting things of earth.

The love of God in whom we trust
And live and have our being,
Will shower the radiance of His love
If we are ready to receive it.

Deem Him not a God of wrath
As in the by-gone ages,
When it was taught, His love was bought
By a sacrificing Saviour.

The love of God is freely given,
To earth's children without price;
To those who seek His love believing
This world would be a paradise.

The Nazerene, a man of God
Despised and rejected
Gave to the world a life of love
Without thought of gain hereafter.

Oh let us follow in His steps,
The world, it greatly needs us
To help develope in each soul
The love of God, our Father.

The light of truth which in the past
Has been shadowed by false teaching
By those who use the word of God
Simply as a benediction.

Oh Father may Thy love supreme
Broaden the minds of those who doubt
And flood with joy the aching heart
Of those who feel themselves cast out.

Sept. 20th, 1916.

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THE JOURNEY THROUGH THE GATES AJAR

As we journey on through time and space
Amidst the mist of doubt and fear
We see poor souls by sin oppressed
Pleading to us spirits as we pass
To show them the way to the promised rest.

As we look with compassion
On those sin laden souls
We beg the Higher forces to give us Their aid
To help to develop more light on the road
To show them the way to the gates ajar.

The journey is long to sin laden souls
If they had only tried their gifts to unfold
On the earth plain, they had chances numerous
and great
To escape from the scourge of mans low estate,

The Father of Love will keep open wide,
The gates of heaven for those who have tried
To walk in the path of justice and truth
And held out their hand to help those aloft.
Who have trampled under foot the warnings of
of the just

Christ said to His disciples in years long ago,
"I will prepare for you a place when I leave here
below
But in faith you must obey the desire of Him
Who is able and willing
To cleanse you from sin."

Through the work of the spirits
The Divine messengers of God,
He allows them to impress you, which way you
must tread
I am giving you the heavenly facts, you can't
see God unless you relax
Your hold upon treasures which are holding
you back.

So keep pressing forward the victory to win
And shut out the forces which tempt you to sin
Cling on to the good and the evil you will shun
God has'nt any use for idle mortals upon earth,
So try and help others or you will never reach
heaven.

In the heavenly spheres we have got to work out
Our own salvation as well as on earth.
In the land of souls we must find use
For every faculty our spirits can produce,
Before we can reach the final resting place for
which we have worked.

What I tell you dear people, is faithful and true,
As I have been scholar, now I am teacher to you.
Through this friend in mortal who desires to
hand out
All we Spirits can give her
In her journey in life.

Some seem to think life is nothing but fun
To get all they can out of it while they are
young
But when they get older and time shows on
their face
They begin to think back of the years of waste
Oh! begin when you are young to seek the Lord
And you are sure to reap a tenfold reward.

Nov. 9th, 1916

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

As I was standing by my anvil
Working hard and fast
It came to me, why should I be
Slaving like this for life?

Life at its best is only set
With weariness and pain
Man's born to trouble while he's here;
We are told so by Divines.

They also say that God decreed
Christ should die to set us free
They tell us that this plan was laid
By a Holy loving God.

How could such love bring so much pain
Upon a Perfect One?
Oh no, God never did ordain
Such cruelty to man.

T'was man who took Christs life away
And laid it on our God
They made a creed to suit themselves
And piled it on to us.

To get us by submission
To take our offerings free
And receive their benediction
A thing anyone can give.

It's only God that can us free
From the tyranny of sin
Oh give to Him the best you have
And He will you forgive.

Christ in His Holy humble life
Showed us the path to take
Let us not wander from the way
He opened for our sakes.

God never made for us a hell
The children of His love,
But to those who seek He will vouchsafe
A happy home above.

We make our heaven and hell as well
In this world as we choose
Oh help us God to keep the good
And not Thy gifts abuse.

Nov. 20th, 1915.

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THE EVENTIDE OF LIFE.

I was sitting by my window
In the eventide of life
Thinking of bygone days
When youth is filled with might.

The happy days of work and care,
Bestowed on those I loved
Came to my mind so vividly
And raised my thoughts above.

I toiled so hard from morn till night
And often wondered why,
That some should have the hills to climb
While others idle by.

I always lived up to the best,
That hath to me been given,
While those who are so careless,
Had the better side of living,

Mother dear and Father too,
Are passed to the realms above,
I must not complain in such a strain
For helping those I loved.

Oh help me God to cast aside,
This fault of looking back,
Nor have regrets for what I did,
But thankfulness of heart.

And as I mused, I became confused,
For there at my right hand,
My mother stood all pure and good,
Holding out to me her hand.

There she stood upon the sea,
As Christ had done of yore,
Her shining garments swept the waves
As they leaped toward the shore.

Dear mother bid me come to you
Hold me in your embrace,
How oft I've prayed for this chance
To meet you face to face.

Oh take me to your Heavenly Home,
That I, with you, may dwell,
My life is hard, I often wish
I could follow you to Heaven.

She very calmly shook her head
And said, "You cannot come,
As you have other work to do
That can't be left undone."

"But follow me and you shall see
Where now is my abode
Some day you shall be gathered in
And leave all toil alone."

I followed on through miles of space
Of beauty grand and great.
Until we stood in Holy Light
Before Heaven's Golden Gates.

And as I looked within I saw
Angels as white as snow
With crowns of silver on their heads,
And harps of shining gold.

The gates then did open wide,
Dear mother, she passed through
And left me on the other side
My future work to do.

After this Heavenly visit,
My soul came back refreshed
To take again life's burden
As the Lord should deem it best.

Not to repine or murmur,
But His Divine will to obey,
Which will lead me unto glory
Though thorns be in the way.

Let me plead with you dear people,
To be patient in the strife,
And seek the Higher Forces,
To show to you the light.

The light of truth what leadeth,
Beyond our mortal view,
To the land of love and glory
Planned out for me and you.

Life here, is so uncertain,
Don't risk the joy of Heaven,
And your Father's benediction
"Well done thou faithful one."

Nov. 26th, 1915.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

The sun was sinking in the west
When to my hearts dismay,
My dear husband, he took sick
And died at dawn of day.

To me it was a sudden break,
In my most happy life,
But unto him was surely given
A peaceful home in Heaven.

And so life goes, we never know
How soon the call may come,
To anyone, so do not shun
Life's duty here below.

Dr. Riding whom my husband loved,
Was a man of godly works,
To those who need his help he gave
God grant him his reward.

One day when I on business went
To settle my account,
He told me of his love and hopes
Waiting my consent.

I could not say, yes or no,
As the time was very short,
All I could do was to say good bye,
The future would express my thoughts.

To tell the truth I did not feel
His equal in anyway,
I'm very fond of simple life,
And feared this step to take.

Next day I sailed for foreign lands,
Thinking he would forget.
And find another who would fill
The place of wife and help.

I did not know the full extent,
Of this good man's great love,
And never dreamed for me he gave his life,
So unmindful as I was.

One day I through the mail received,
A letter from a friend,
Saying our Doctor's fallen sick,
We are waiting for the end.

At last he passed from earth to heaven,
Through three long years of pain,
Caused by the love he had for me,
I returned him not again.

After his departure,
To the Higher Life,
My heart grew dead within me
Oh why did I him slight.

Oh how I longed for a chance,
To undo the past,
And live with him in joy and peace
An earthly paradise.

So one night as I lay down
My brain wracked with pain,
Oh could it be that I could see
His dear face close to mine.

Yes, there he stood as of yore,
His smiling face aglow,
He said, "my dear, do not weep
It only grieves my soul."

I looked at him and tried to smile,
And said, Oh how I wish
I could hold your hand once more,
If God could only grant me this.

You cannot dear, while you are here
In the mortal garb,
But wait a while, and we shall be
In our home above the sky.

I could not live when you had gone,
My life was simply blank,
If I had known of spirit return
It would have filled my heart with thanks.

Thanks to my God who in His love,
Designed that we should be
Together bound in bands of love,
Throughout Eternity.

Do not worry or dispare,
Let me tell you this,
You are never left alone,
Do not your guides mistrust.

T'is useless to repine,
For what we've left undone,
So take fresh hold and try to unfold
More greatness of the Soul.

Our future is mapped out,
Our destiny is sealed.
By a God of Love who knows
Exactly what we need.

When your life on earth is ended,
And all duty cast aside
On the border land I will meet you
To dwell forever, side by side.

In the home our Father gives
To the children of His choice,
To dwell in love and unity,
In holy heavenly light.

Then he began to ascend,
And the brightness of his form
Was like a glowing sunrise,
On an Eastern Morn.

Nov. 30th, 1915.

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CHILDHOOD DAYS.

I am thinking of my childhood,
The happy days of youth,
When flowers bloomed around my path
And filled my heart with mirth.

In those old days of long ago
I loved my Father God,
My mother told us that we are
The objects of His love.

The Master mild He took a child,
And placed it in the midst,
And said, "each one of you must be
As innocent as this."

"Before you can make any plan
To enter through Heavens Gates.
So be forewarned and do not scorn
The knowledge I impart."

My mother dear informed us oft
Of Gods unchanging love,
And said if we could but foresee
We'd trust Him as we ought.

So one day, while out for play,
I met a little friend.
We sat down to take a rest,
And thus our talk began.

And as I talked, my childish mind
Drifted in to space,
I saw a ladder at my feet
Which reached to Heavens Gates.

And as I looked with wondering eyes
I thought within myself
This must be Jacob's Ladder
That mother spoke about.

Again I looked, a voice replied
"Come up and see the place,
That God prepares for you my child,
Decked with beauty and with grace."

As I began to ascend
The ladder rung by rung,
My thoughts went back to my friend
Hoping she would come.

But when I looked her in the face,
She laughed and shook her head,
The foolishness of this act,
Filled my heart with dread.

Oh well I thought, I must obey
The loving ones' command.
And so I passed up to the top
And quietly entered Heaven.

And as I stood just by the door,
My guide to me explained,
This is the gate that leads to life
And Angels reap therein.

I saw a field so full of wheat
The ears as white as snow,
And angels stand in happy bands
To do their Father's will.

I asked my guide the reason why
The wheat should be so white,
The symbol of the wheat he said
Are those pure in heart.

Which are gathered by the angels,
Their dear Lord to greet.
And as He spoke He pointed out
The Angels pure and sweet.

As I looked my eyes beheld
A horse of pure white
And on its back a figure veiled,
Which hid him from our sight.

I thought, oh this must be the Lord,
My mother often read
His face no one hath ever seen
Not even them in heaven.

The angels stood in full array,
With sickles in their hands,
Patiently waiting for the time
The Lord gave His command.

Then we passed to heights above
Where angels stood of yore.
In greater throngs of old and young
Then I had ever seen before.

But who is this in the midst
With silent bowed down head,
The Saviour Crowned, my guide informed
With His angelic band.

Those who ministered to His needs,
When He on the mountain stood,
Preaching salvation to the world
Doing all the good He could.

The Nazerene in whom we see,
A pattern grand and true.
Of God's great love and tenderness
To his children, me and you.

He tried to broaden out the minds,
Of those who did Him hate.
And to His friends He did supply
Unfailing joy and faith.

And as I gazed with awe
Upon this wonderous sight,
The mist around me gathered
I could not bear the light.

So I turned my thoughts homeward
Then the scene entirely changed.
I found myself in my room,
Thinking, this must be a dream.

But as I tried to move myself,
My listless form gave way
There at my side my sister stood,
Draped in glorious array.

Why are you here, I gently asked
And not in Heaven above?
Heaven is here, sister dear
Helping those we love.

God lets us come to help you shun
The many pit-falls of Sin.
Oh! tell my daughter I am here
If she will only let me in.

I am her guardian Angel
And always by her side.
Guiding her dear footsteps
Along the path of time.

Life here on Earth is but a school
For the higher life above
To love each other as ourselves
As the Bible teaches us.

The open door is left ajar
Till the sands of time run out.
The God of Love in whom we trust,
Will never cast us out.

To all my sister's give my love,
Tell them I am often near
To help to make lifes burden lighter,
Let them trust and do not fear.

Then in a golden Halo,
She passed from Earth to Heaven
Waving her hand and saying
Adieu, until we meet again.

Then I awoke so full of hope
That I some day would be
With them in Heaven, my life to spend
And joy and peace receive.

Nov. 26th, 1915.

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LIFE IN THE GREAT BEYOND

Oh weary traveler do not shun
The path laid out for thee
It leads right on to the great beyond
Of life and liberty.

To say that death ends it all
And life is spent without reward
Is but a tragic view of those
Who lack the greatness of the soul.

T'is hard for spirits to describe
To mortal minds the joy of heaven
But when they reach the goal in store
They will find that half has never been told.

It has been said to the weary and downcast
That the future for them holds peace and rest
If they only believe in the blood of the lamb
Without any works of their own, they are sure
to reach heaven.

Oh brothers and sisters be not deceived!
God is not mocked with the "only believe"
We must work out our salvation by deeds
No idle Christians will our Father receive.

Oh do not think that only Christ
Passed from this world a sacrifice
Many more who followed in his steps
Where slaughtered in their innocence.

Women in those dark days were burned alive
Because of mediumistic phase,
And by the vile were deemed a fake
And led without justice to the stake.

Oh if I could take you in the heavenly spheres
And show you the joy of martyrs of past years;
But what of those who destroyed the life
Of innocent souls like Jesus Christ?

Here they are in darkness stranded
Until they have repented of murder and slander
Of greed and lusts of various nature
Which hold them in touch with the earths conditions.

On the earth plain are spirits innumerable and great
The "devils" we read of in God's Holy Writ;
They have passed from the mortal to heaven
as they think
But found their mistake out when life was extinct.

They call upon Jesus, they call upon God
But oh you poor spirits what path have you trod?
The way of the unjust was attractive to you
And the evil within you, you would not subdue.

Then by degrees as God sees fit
They will rise, Oh so slowly, to their promised rest
When they realize the suffering and death
Which they caused the weary and the oppressed

We who have risen to realms above
Descend to the earth plane to help those we love
To rise from the depths to which they have sunk
From the mire and clay of past results.

Sometimes poor sinners in darkness kneel,
For centuries, bewailing their past misdeeds
Until some spirit higher than they
Give them a gleam of light on their way.

To show them that the Father of Love,
Wants them to rise to the heights above
Where love and joy and peace o'er flow
Even to those who were sinners here below.

We spirits who have worked for salvation and
rest
Are eagerly waiting some soul to uplift
Each time we succeed in doing Gods will
A step nearer heaven in our journey is fulfilled.

Our Father of Love gives to each soul,
A gift Divine if they would only unfold
And give to the world what God has in store
For the seekers of truth of the life evermore.

The angels in heaven we read much about
Are simply the spirits who departed the earth
Who ministered to Jesus while on the Mount
And strengthened His soul with their spiritual
help.

Also my sisters and brothers in Christ
The angels of love do greatly rejoice
To give to each soul comfort and peace
To lead them from death to Eternal Life.

They throw out the life line, hold on to it fast;
Let it not go till your soul finds its rest
In the presence of those who, when here below,
In loving devotion their gifts did unfold.

To give to the world as God did direct
Knowledge that would help to uplift
Those in darkness not knowing the road
And are longing and sighing for more light of
the soul.

Narrow is the path; and rugged the way
That leads to the beyond of Eternal Day,
The great divide we are bound to pass
As we go through the gates of death,

There our dear ones are waiting for us
With outstretched arms so full of love
Not in their graves as we are told
Waiting until the resurrection morn.

Oh no! God's love is far too deep
To allow His children so long to sleep,
When their presence is needed a watch to keep
O'er the children of earth when helpless and
weak.

They gather the forces from heights above
These ministering spirits the children of love
Inspiration and strength they meet out to each
one
If we only make conditions for them to come.

Jesus Christ, the Saviour gave up His life
On the same rock of ages; we also must strive
To help those who have gone down with the
tide
To begin life anew on the other side.

The hills of adversity Christ climbed of old
To seek salvation instead of the gold
We are born in the world midst trouble and
grief
Only sacrifice and love will bring us relief.

True joy lives only in the hearts of those
Who try to help others reach the goal
The way of the just is open to all
Who are anxious and yearning to give to the
Lord.

He does not ask much only justice and truth
Peace and devotion to all children of earth
All this must be seen to and studied with care
Before you can reach your home over there,

I beg of you dear people, look over your life
Cut out the dark spots; let the angels rejoice.
Life here is so short, oh live as did Christ
To benefit his brothers while here upon earth.

Nov. 2nd, 1916.

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FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

Oh Brothers, Sisters and Christian friends
Why this darkness on the way to Heaven
We were often told Christ cleared the road
And was waiting anxiously to cleanse each soul.

Here we are stranded on this dark path
Trying to find the footprints of the just
Oh send us light Father of All.
And lift from our Souls this deadly pall.

We thought when death leaves us
Resurrection finds us seated
At the right hand of God
If we only believe and Christ Jesus receive.
There was nothing else left to be done.

But through ignorance and neglect
We are here to reflect, if we only had known;
And the right way been shown
We would not have been in this terrible fix.

Here we are stranded not knowing what to
think
I feel I am standing just in sight of the brink
Of a terrible chasm as dark as night
Oh God! look with compassion and give me a
light.

Oh how I wish I had followed the pathway of
truth!
And as my last pleadings passed from my lips
I saw a light in the distance, hoping it to be
The much desired goal I was anxious to reach.

But as I tried onward to press
I found I was held by conditions I left
When on the earth plane, thinking I would gain
Easily the promised rest.

Then I heard a voice so low and sweet
Saying, "Brother are you trying to reach the
Heavenly home
Without the wedding garment of peace? It says
in Holy writ
"They who do not wear it must be bound hand
and foot."

But listen to me, your Brother, though so weak
Still I am trying with my Father's help
Some other Spirits
To guide and uplift.

I, like you, when on the earth's plane,
Thought more of my own pleasure
Than other peoples pain, now I must work out
My selfishness in this dreary plane.

Now I must work out
What I left undone
Is the duty our Father expects
From His children, every one.

How long I must remain
In this dreary place
To hear the weeping and wailing of those
Who came short of Gods grace.

When they were young
And full of vital force,
They did not seek the way of life
Christ taught them when on earth.

Now Brother give to me your hand
Oh dear! I cannot reach
The chasm is so very wide and deep
I fear I cannot give you much relief.

But I tell you dear Brother what to do
Try and be patient, keep praying for aid
To the ministering Spirits
Who are seeking to save.

Perhaps your dear mother
Who has passed to the Heights,
Much higher than the Earth plane
Through her goodness of heart.

Will be seeking her boy
When you have made
Better conditions
For her to draw nigh.

Now I must leave you in this sad plight
The advice I gave you has increased my light
Now I will step higher more victory to win
And lead more Spirits from the path of Sin.

And he passed through space so slowly
It was so very dark and dim
Seeking more Spirits who were held
In bondage by their Sins.

And as he was thinking
Of past mishaps
A Spirit so bright and fair
Crossed his dreary path.

Again he looked and his soul grew sick
As he fell prostrate at a woman's feet
Kneeling and bewailing the past
With regrets vivid and deep.

This woman he cried has risen up in judgment
Against my cowardly act
When on the earth plane
I trampled her virtues under my feet.

Oh God this is more than I can stand
Pray send a ministering spirit to give me a
 helping hand
And as he spoke this Angel of Light
Who had worked her way upward from the
 conditions of earth,

Held out to him her hand saying
"Brother in Christ, don't think of past life
But do your best to reach
The Heavenly Heights."

He rose from his feet, her last words to greet
With joy that knew no bounds
Saying, "can it be true, that the trouble I gave
 you
Will not hinder my pathway to Heaven."

She looked in his face with a Heavenly smile
Saying the past is forgiven by me
Now look with faith, to our Father's grace
He is able and willing your sins to erase.

Go forward with your mission
Help others to unfold
The gift of the Spirit
God gives to each soul.

And when you have made good your past neglect
You will steadily gain your future rest
Now I must leave you, my time is up
My good will I give you to help you aloft.

Then she passed to spheres
Much higher than the one
Who had wronged her on the earth plane
By his unlawful plans.

Oh friends of earth be careful of deeds
Your lusts to appease,
Encourage your thought waves of purity and
 peace
Or you must work out all you've done amiss.

Nov. 12th, 1916.

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THE CELESTIAL CITY

The Celestial City not made with hands
The Bulwarks of Emmanuels Land
The Summit of all that is pure and true
There nothing remains for Spirits to do.

Here they will rest from their Labors well
 earned
To the spheres of earth no more to return
This rest they have gained by devotion and
 faith
With God as their King in the Temple of Grace.

From Earth they developed to Spheres above
Hoping and trusting in their Fathers great love
He never forsakes those who trust in His grace
But always provides, a sweet resting place.

Nov. 4th, 1916.

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HOW SHALL WE MEET OUR LOVED ONES.

How shall we meet our loved ones?
Oh! what a joyful thought
For those who have long been parted
And walk earths pathway alone.

The loving hearts that have been severed
By the Death Angel's cruel blow,
Are just waiting by the Border
To take us safely home.

To the land of the Soul, of joy and beauty,
Where sin can not molest
Neither pain or grief affect us
In the Land of Perfect Rest.

Nov. 9th, 1916.

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